MONODY

1490 e.50.

ON THE

DEATH

OF

AUGUSTUS CLEVLAND, Esq.

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PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1786.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 APR 60

To the READER.

THE Gentleman, to whoſe memory the following Poem is inſcribed, was in the ſervice of the Honorable the Eaſt India Company in *Bengal*, where he held the united offices, of Collector of the Revenues of a very extenſive diſtrict, and Adminiſtrator of Juſtice to the Inhabitants thereof.

His aſſiduity in diſcharging the laborious duties of his ſtation, had ſo much impaired his conſtitution, that he was under the neceſſity of trying a ſea voyage for the recovery of his health, but unfortunately, without ſucceſs, as he expired a very few days after his embarkation on the 13th of January, 1784.

The

The Governor General and Council of *Bengal*, deeming the ſervices performed by Mr. CLEVLAND, in cultivating and conciliating the minds of the inhabitants of the diſtricts under his charge, of ſuch importance to the peace of the country, the ſecurity of the revenue, the credit of the *Engliſh* name, and the principles of humanity, as to merit a public and laſting commemoration of them, for the honor of his reputation, and for an example to others, directed a Monument to be erected to his memory at the public expence, with an inſcription engraved upon it, containing a ſhort ſpecification of thoſe ſervices; and the principal natives, who had been ſubject to his controul, ſollicited permiſſion to give ſome public teſtimony of the ſenſe they entertained of the beneficence which he had invariably ſhewn towards them, by erecting alſo a Monument to his memory, which was accordingly done, and the expences of it were defrayed by a voluntary ſubſcription on their parts.

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ON THE

DEATH of *Auguſtus Clevland*, Eſq.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis?

IF e'er funereal trophies grac'd the brave,
Or cypreſs wreaths adorn'd a Stateſman's grave,
Let virtue conſecrate the hallow'd tomb,
Where Clevland ſleeps, and weep his early doom.

FOR many a month conſum'd by fev'riſh pain,
Death had marked out, this victim to his reign.
Drooping and wan, he ſeem'd a graceful flower,
That yields its bloom to winter's blighting power.
Hope ſtill would fondly prompt that pious prayer,
Might win o'er heav'n, to pity and to ſpare.
Such thoughts, how vain! our anxious minds employ'd,
When ſudden fate, th' illuſive dream deſtroy'd,

And ſtampt his doom; a chilling horror ſpread
Through every limb, my wandering ſenſes fled;
Cold as a rock, whence drips the melting ſnow,
I ſat, a ſilent monument of woe.
No muſe attended then to grace his urn,
Whilſt kindred nature claim'd her right to mourn,
And mourn'd thou waſt, theſe eyes yet dim will prove,
The heart felt tribute paid to friendly love.

Now ſorrow milder grown, more calm the mind,
Enjoys the grief, that time has left behind;
Yet ſtill the tears ſhall ſtream thro' many an hour,
For time in vain oppoſes nature's power.
Too keen for human bliſs, remembrance wings,
The ſhafts of anguiſh, and our boſoms ſtings;
Departed joys, like ſleep-form'd phantoms riſe,
Preſs round the heart, and prompt uncall'd-for ſighs.
For whilſt ſome former ſcene the mind beguiles,
Where ſocial pleaſure, liv'd in Clevland's ſmiles,
Grief whiſpers to the ſoul, and ſhews his urn,
No more ſhall Clevland's ſocial hour return.

Ah!

Ah ! memory ſtop, nor lead me to the vales,
Where Clevland's genial ſpirit warm'd the gales.
Where oft with him at noon, or eve, or dawn,
I clim'd the hills, or trac'd the groves and lawn,
Where hoſpitality, with ſmiles received,
The way-worn gueſt, and untold wants reliev'd;
Bright with the beams of joy, each eye was ſeen,
Smiles ſpoke content, and all was bliſs ſerene.
Now death-bred horror pours her ſhades around,
And dreary phantoms ſtalk o'er all the ground.
His manſion, once the ſeat of gay delight,
Now gloom-encircled, wounds the ling'ring ſight.
See where the menial band forlorn repine,
And favour'd friends, grief's ſolemn chorus join,
Born on the breeze, the mournful accents flow,
And echo multiplies the notes of woe.
Sad to my ſoul the once lov'd ſcenes appear,
Where joy began, and pleaſure crown'd the year.

Yet not alone to joy's ſerener ſhores,
Regret, through ſorrow's waves, her track explores;

Far

Far other ſcenes to memory ſtill more dear,
With keener anguiſh, force the guſhing tear.
'Twas thine, when tortur'd by diſeaſe I lay,
And ſorrow's clouds o'erſpread the ling'ring day;
'Twas thine, by chearing ſmiles, and pious care,
To calm my pangs, and quell the fiend deſpair.
By day, by night, thy conſtant friendſhip tried
Each ſoothing art, and untold wants ſupplied.
Perhaps, the fev'riſh joyleſs life I boaſt,
But for thy ſmiles and cares, had now been loſt.
Why, when thy vital ſpirit, ſtruggling fled,
Did Fate deny me to attend thy bed?
My cares, perhaps, had check'd death's ruthleſs power,
Won thee to life, or ſooth'd thy parting hour.
Some wiſh, perhaps, within thy boſom ſtrove,
Sacred to friendſhip, or expiring love;
But heav'n forbad me to receive thy ſighs,
Nor gave theſe hands to cloſe my Clevland's eyes.

How teeming fancy wrings the tortur'd breaſt,
When the ſoul ſinks by ſorrow's weight oppreſt.

Perhaps a widow'd parent's woes demand,
To ſooth their pangs, a filial heart and hand,
Or whelm'd beneath misfortune's baneful ſhade,
An abſent brother, claims fraternal aid;
Or ſunk perhaps in death's eternal night,
Nor parent now, nor brother view the light.
Ah truſt not man, to life's uncertain date,
Dark are the ways, and dire the ſtroke of fate.
E'en whilſt the ſoul with bliſs dilated glows,
And the full pulſe with tides of rapture flows,
Death ruſhes in, with unreſiſted ſway,
Burſts ſome dear tie, and ſweeps our joys away.

Come virtue then, the funeral wreath entwine,
A blooming wreath, to deck my Clevland's ſhrine,
And whilſt affliction fondly ſounds his name,
What virtue dictates, let the muſe proclaim.

'Ye who the giddy maze of joy purſue,
'And thoughtleſs join, mirth's ever ſmiling crew,
'Who liſtleſs hear, misfortune's feeble calls;
'Ye baſe born ſouls, whom luſt of wealth enthralls,
'Who whilſt your ſtores in golden proſpect riſe,
'Turn from the widows tears, and orphans cries,

Ye who for intereſt trace the paths of guile,
And mould, as flattery prompts, th' obedient ſmile;
Approach the ſacred tomb where Clevland lies,
And learn the worth, that calls forth virtue's ſighs.'

' By nature form'd for every ſocial part,
' Mild were his manners, and ſincere his heart;
' Benevolence in every feature ſhone,
' And virtuous friendſhip, hail'd him as her own.
' Tho' not to him, to ſhine with wit 'twas giv'n,
' Or ſoar with genius eagle-plum'd to heav'n,
' Prudence with vigour, ſenſe with temper join'd,
' In true proportions, mark'd his ſteady mind.
' In honour firm, and juſt in all his ways,
' The public voice, beſtow'd unenvied praiſe,
' Chearful each act of ſocial life he prov'd,
' And died lamented, as he liv'd belov'd.

' How would his eyes with gliſtening pity g'ow,
' When broken accents, ſobb'd the tale of woe.
' When friendſhip fortune-wreckt in ſilence pin'd,
' His aid unſought, reliev'd the tortur'd mind.
' Daughters of miſery, who lowly bend
' Beneath affliction's yoke lament your friend.

And

'And you the ſons of penury proclaim,
'With tears unfeigned, your lov'd protector's name,
'Tell how his liberal heart, and laviſh hand
'Diſpers'd your cares, and bleſt the grateful land.
'Cold is that bounteous heart, that hand no more
'Shall clothe the naked, nor relieve the poor.
'Ah ſee! relentleſs poverty return,
'Reclaim her victims, and inſult his urn.

'Let hiſtory tell the deeds, his wiſdom plann'd,
'His bloodleſs triumphs o'er a barbarous land.
'Bright in his hand, the ſword of juſtice gleam'd,
'But mercy from his eyes benignant beam'd,
'And mercy won the cauſe; the ſavage band
'Forſook their haunts, and bow'd to his command.
'And where the warrior's arm in vain aſſail'd,
'His gentler ſkill o'er brutal force prevail'd.
'As ſome fond ſire inſtructs his darling ſon,
'With foſtering care, he led wild nature on;
'And now, where rapine mark'd the blood-ſtain'd field,
'The well-till'd glebes, a ſmiling harveſt yield;
'Now mended morals, check the luſt for ſpoil,
'And riſing letters prove his generous toil.

'The

'The traveller ſecure, purſues his way,
'Nor dreads the ruffian, ambuſh'd for his prey,
'And gaping ſavages, with raviſh'd eyes,
'See their Lord's name in magic ſymbols riſe.
'Humanity ſurveys her rights reſtor'd,
'And nations yield, ſubdu'd without a ſword.
'Full many a breaſt, by him to pity won,
'Shall mourn their tutor, lord, and parent gone.

'Ye Kings, who drive ambition's gore-ſtain'd car,
'And boaſt the conqueſts of deſtructive war;
'Here learn, how far benevolence exceeds
'War's boaſted triumphs, and the Warrior's deeds,
'By Clevland taught, oh, ſeek a nobler name,
'And let recorded mercies ſtamp your fame.'

The muſe has paus'd, affliction now returns,
For Clevland dead, and, unextinguiſh'd, burns.
Oh, if thy ſoul, releas'd from earthly ties,
Still feels our joys, or mixes with our ſighs,
(E'en now, perhaps, thy viewleſs ſhade ſurveys,
The pangs that nature, true to friendſhip, pays,)
The general ſigh that burſts for merit loſt,
Shall ſweetly ſooth thy melancholy ghoſt.

FINIS.

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